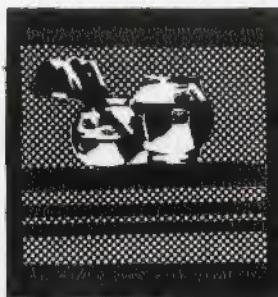
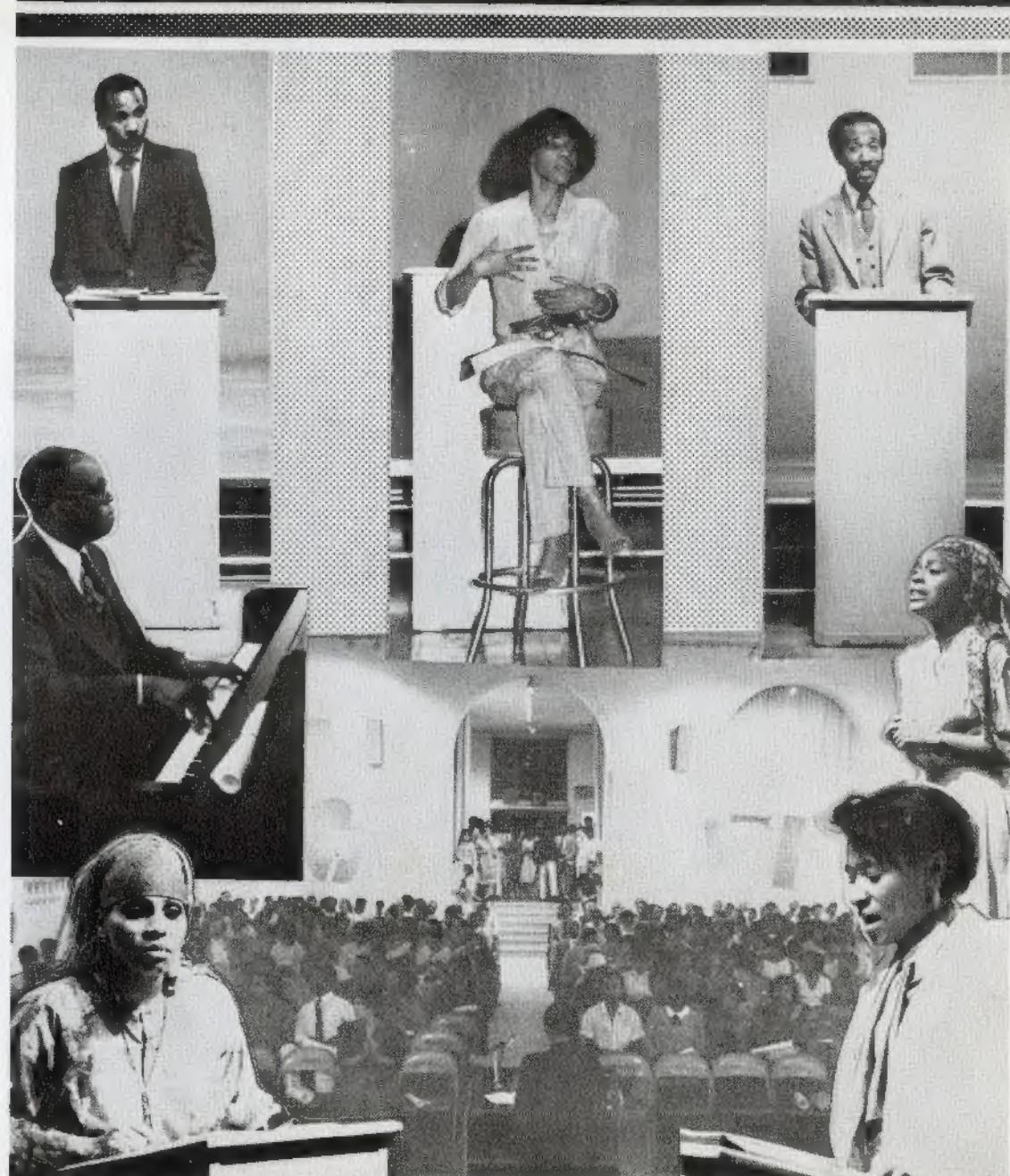


The URBAN VOICES



*Who are these strange people?
I have never seen them before
They approach me, each one
Differently
Talking about poems, graphics,
drama, and dance, dance, dance.
Each person determined to open
us up.
Speaking clearly with different
personalities.
They touch me in a certain way,
I felt a kind of good feeling
coming through my body.
This is my chance to finally
open up what was really inside,
To people who wouldn't criticize
me or what I did.
I found they're beautiful...*



Tonka Barrett
(c) 1983



December					February				
S	M	T	W	F	S	S	M	T	W
					1	2	3	4	5
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
25	26	27	28	29	30	31		26	27

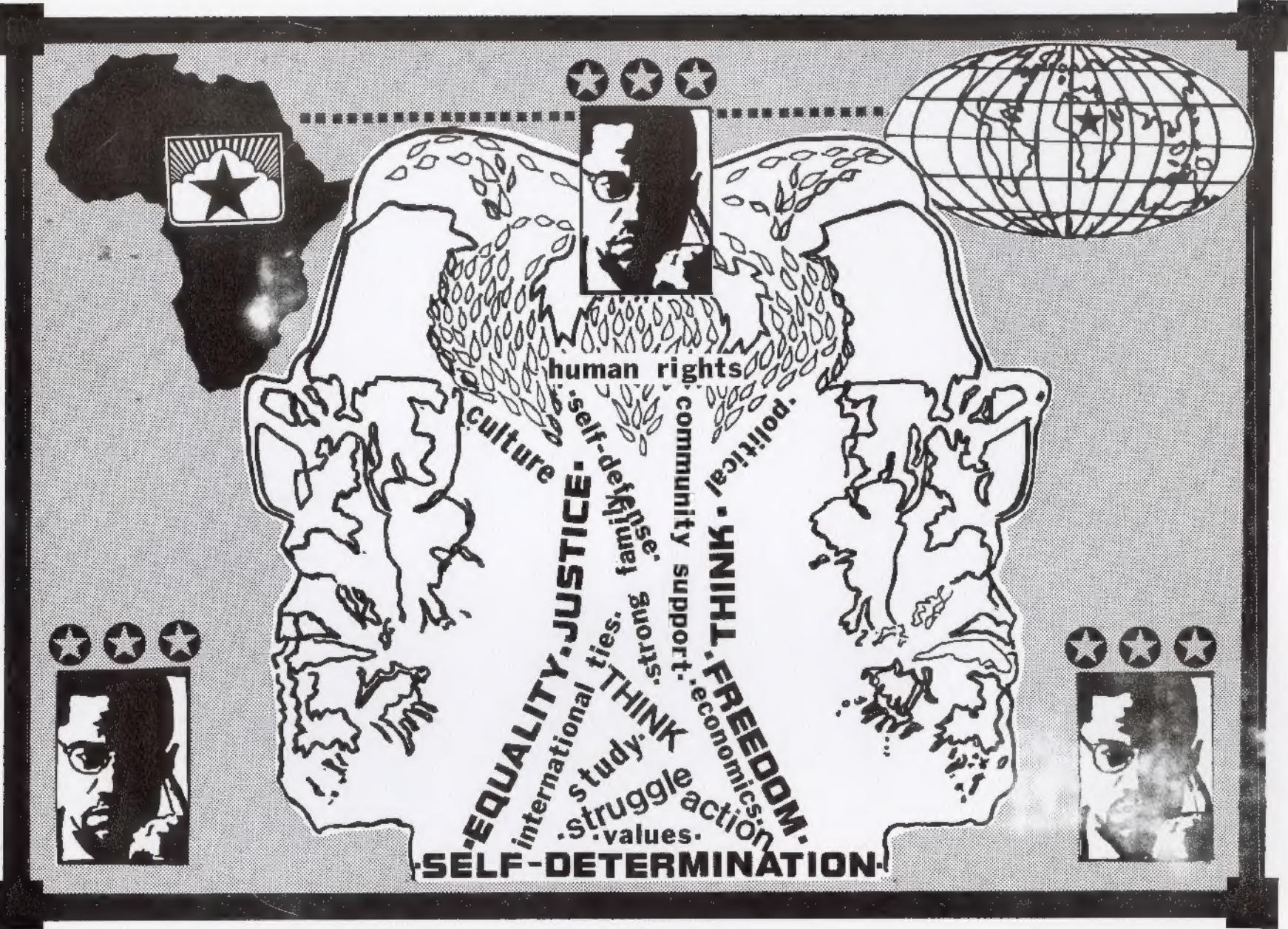
January 1984

Just a thought on my mind
 I wish I had a gift to offer
 every black young girl and boy
 I'd offer them great smiling faces
 to replace their years of mourn

my gift would fill their minds with places
 with land miles and miles away
 where children from the great race Blackness
 stood so sure, so strong, and so proud

Janet Hedmann
 (c) 1983

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 New Year's Day	2	3 ● New Moon	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14 ● First Quarter
15 Martin Luther King, Jr.'s Birthday	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24 ● Last Quarter	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				



THE VOICE OF BROTHER MALCOLM

Your voice sprang forth like nightingales,
and in the midst of darkness we heard your song.
Yours was the pent up voice of a nation.
A marriage of words and unspoken thoughts.
You spoke the truth of our innermost feelings,
and gave vent to the caged emotions
locked in the dungeons of our souls.
Emotions shrouded in ignorance,
dancing cheek to cheek with fear.
Your voice was love bathed in the purity of
a deep concern.

We sat and listened
glorifying in the satisfaction you brought us.
and while we listened you died.
Blood flowed from your mouth for the cause
of freedom.
Our freedom.
We piled crowns of flowers on your grave,
and lamented your silence with tears.
Your voice was gone,
but your bloodstains still remain on this heart,
so rest in peace Brother Malcolm.

Steve Hawthorne
(c) 1983

February 1984

January							March						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31											

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1	2	3	4
			● New Moon			
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
			● First Quarter			
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
			○ Full Moon			
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
				● Last Quarter		
26	27	28	29			



ELUSIVE

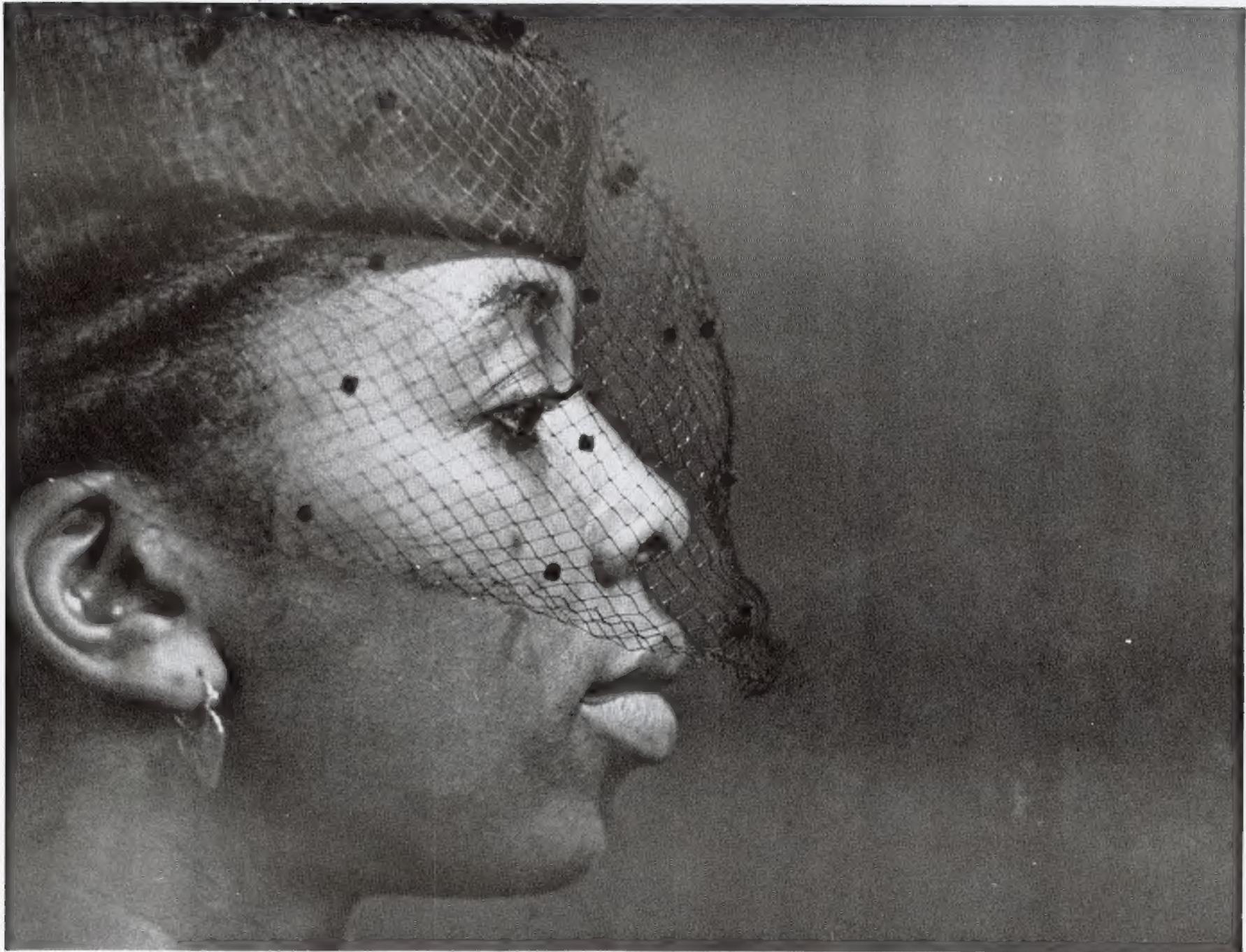
*Love is Elusive
If We Could Catch
It What Would
We Do With It?
That's Why Love
Must Be Free
Like A Butterfly
To Touch Those
Of Us Who
Dare To Be Touched
By Love's Essence And
At The Same Time
Allow Love The Time
And Space To Be
Free!
Not Shackled and Chained*

*Anne Gadson Brown
(c) 1983*

March 1984

February					April							
S	M	T	W	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	5	6
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	8	9	10	11	12	13
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	15	16	17	18	19	20
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	22	23	24	25	26	27
26	27	28	29				29	30				

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1	2	3	
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
			Ash Wednesday			
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
		Equinox				
25	26	27	28	29	30	31



April 1984

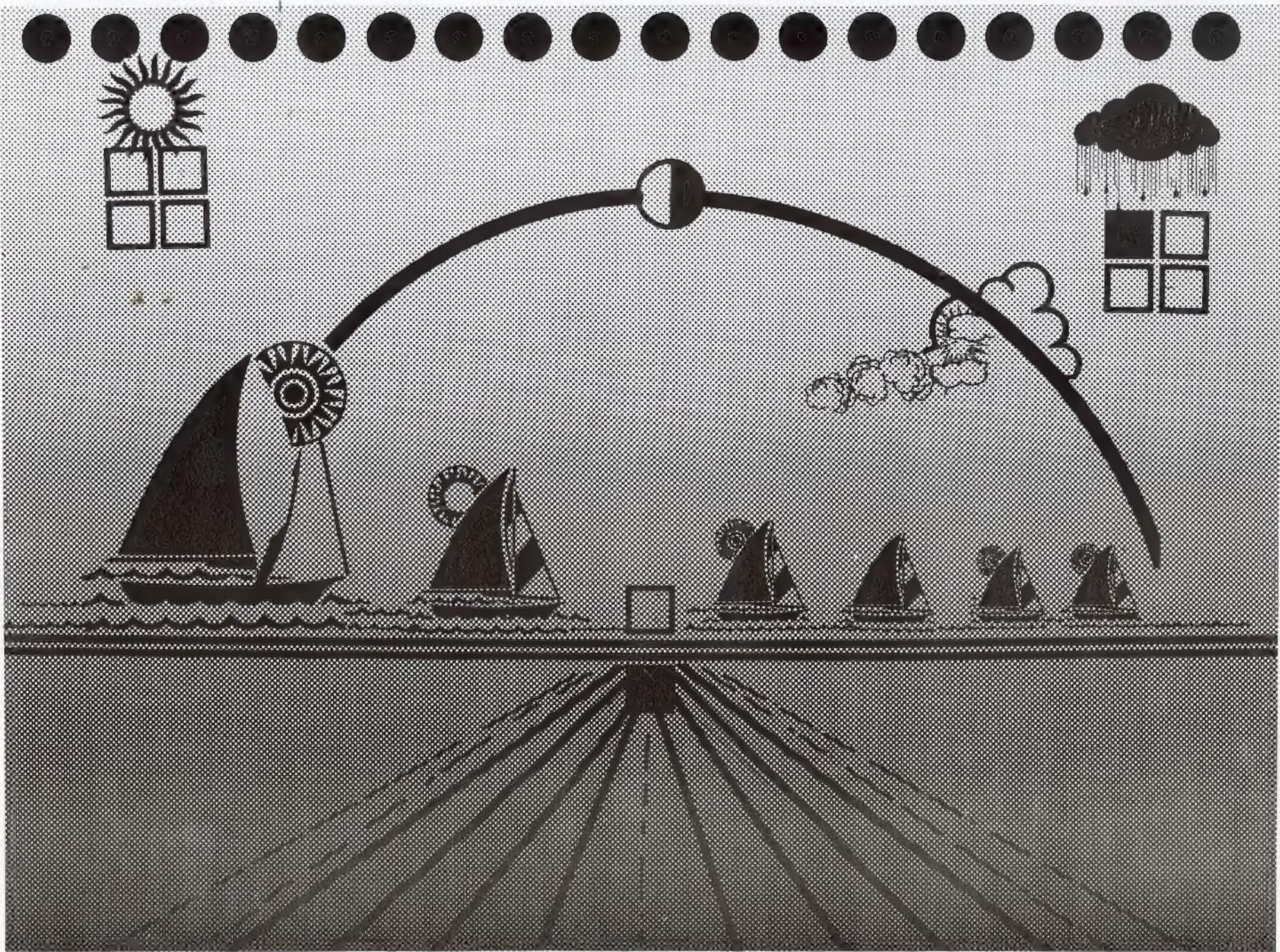
March					May						
S	M	T	W	F	S	S	M	T	W	F	S
					1 2 3	1 2 3	4 5 6	7 8 9	10 11 12	13 14 15	16 17 18
					10 11 12	13 14 15	16 17 18	19 20 21	22 23 24	25 26 27	28 29 30
					31	31	28	29	30	31	26

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere a Black Woman will rise up and lead us from this barren emptiness to a mighty fortress of black unity. Somewhere a Black Woman standing tall will direct us into freedom battle and we will fight and gladly die, recruits for freedom. Somewhere a Black Woman will lead us...

James Brown
(c) 1983

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 ● New Moon	2	3	4	5	6	7
8 ○ First Quarter	9	10	11	12	13	14
15 Palm Sunday ○ Full Moon	16	17	18	19	20	21 John Muir's Birthday, 1808
22 Easter Sunday ○ Last Quarter	23	24	25	26	27	28
29 ● New Moon	30					



April						June					
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	F
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26
29	30						29	30	31		

May 1984

TIME

time raps at my window-pane, like rain pitter-pat

out the minutes of confinement,
and like accumulated rain-drops

are caught
between the shores of oceans that roar
to meet the rushing shore
and having embraced carries away

the sands of time.

Steve Hawthorne
(c) 1983

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
			● First Quarter			
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	Penumbral Lunar Eclipse, 11:40 P.M. ○ Full Moon					
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
		● Last Quarter				
27	28	29	30	31		
	Memorial Day		Annular Solar Eclipse 11:52 A.M. ● New Moon			
	Sierra Club organized 1892					



OCEAN ECTASY

*The smell of the sea
The cool ocean breeze
Birds flying by on
the blueness of the sky*

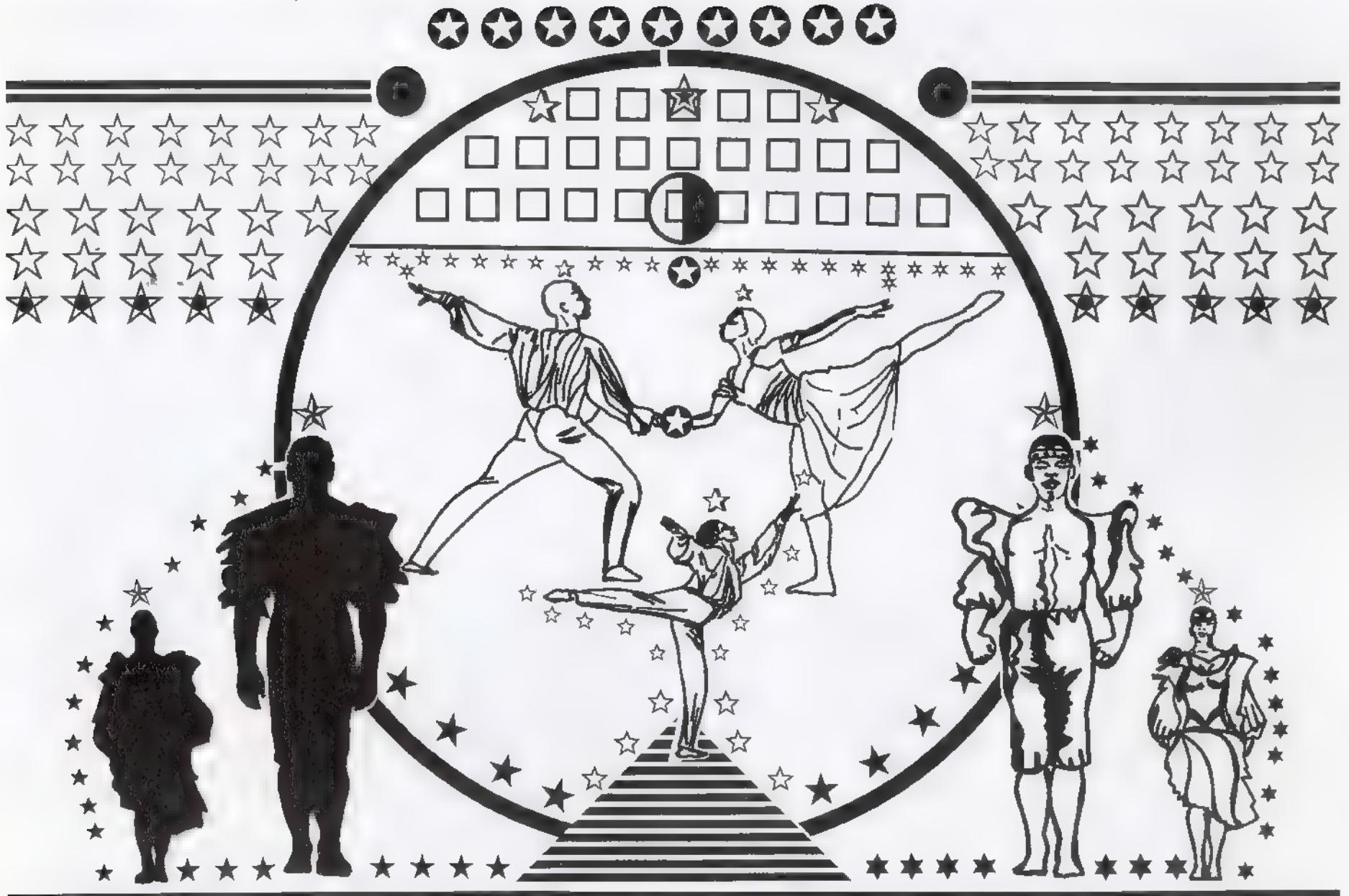
*The sun felt good to our bodies as we bathed in the sun as our inner senses began to awaken to a knowledge on high and we were lifted into glory
As we made love over and over again
We listened to the heavy breathing of the ocean
As we geared ourselves into motion, rhythms of ecstasy flashed through the sensuousness of our bodies as we became one.*

Zakiyyah Muhammed
(c) 1983

July 1984

June						August							
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
24	25	26	27	28	29	30							

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 <small>Dominion Day (Canada)</small>	2	3	4 <small>Independence Day</small>	5 <small>First Quarter</small>	6	7
8	9	10	11	12 <small>Full Moon</small>	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21 <small>Last Quarter</small>
22	23	24	25	26	27	28 <small>New Moon</small>
29	30	31				



July 1984

OCEAN ECTASY

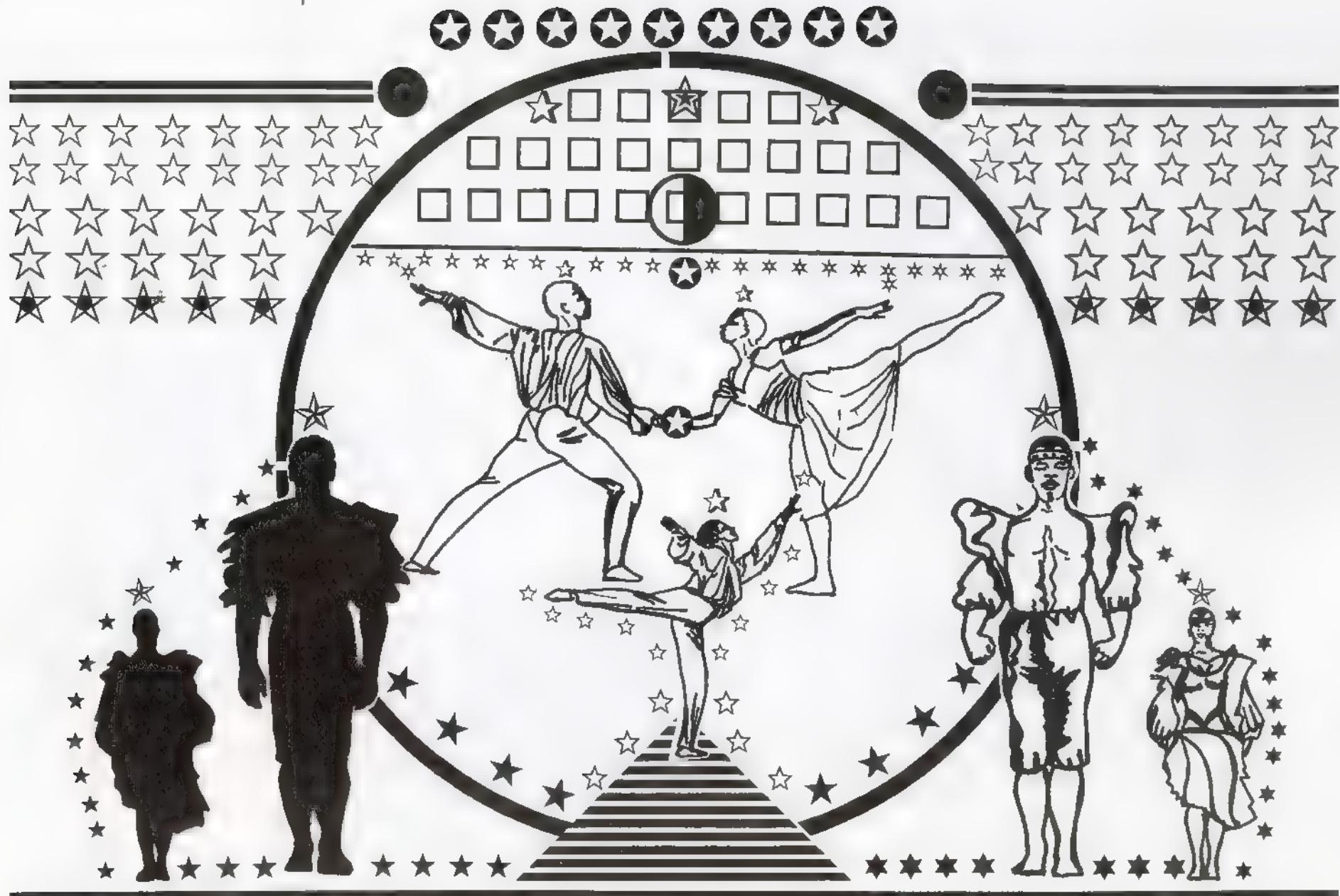
*The smell of the sea
The cool ocean breeze
Birds flying by on
the blueness of the sky*

*The sun felt good to our bodies as we bathed in the sun as our inner senses began to awaken to a knowledge on high and we were lifted into glory
As we made love over and over again We listened to the heavy breathing of the ocean As we geared ourselves into motion, rhythms of ecstasy flashed through the sensousness of our bodies as we became one.*

Zakiyyah Muhammed
(c) 1983

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 <small>Dominion Day (Canada)</small>	2	3	4 <small>Independence Day</small>	5 <small>First Quarter</small>	6	7
8	9	10	11	12 <small>Full Moon</small>	13	14
15	16	17	18	19 <small>Last Quarter</small>	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

June					August					
S	M	T	W	F	S	M	T	W	F	S
					1 2	1 2	3 4	5 6	7 8	9 10 11
3 4	5 6	7 8	9 10	11 12	13 14	15 16	17 18	19 20	21 22	23 24 25
10 11	12 13	14 15	16 17	18 19	20 21	22 23	24 25	26 27	28 29	30 31



July							September						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31					29	30	31	32	33	34	35

August 1984

AUGUST

JOY

Black is strength

holding a people together

Black is love

conquering a relentless

thirst

Black is sunshine

altering a storm

Black is joy

dancing on edge...

James Brown
(c) 1983

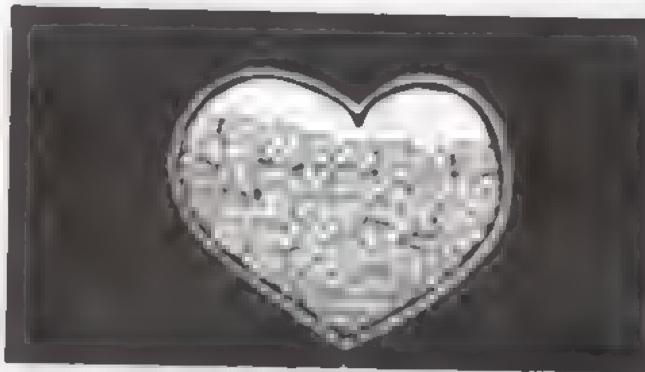
Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

● New Moon

● First Quarter

○ Full Moon

● Last Quarter



SLEEP COMES SOFTLY

*After the glow
Of hot passions dim
When breathless bodies sigh
The last sigh of relief
As tremors cease
And all is still
Sleep comes softly.*

*After the fire
Inside flaming souls
Flicker down
To one lonesome spark
To ash
To dust
Sleep comes softly.*

*After the warm energy
Has flowed
From the center
Of our curving, twisting spines
To the tip of our heads
When we reached our peak
Sleep comes softly.*

*After we are transformed
Into two tangled toddlers
Feeling the peace at hand
Swirling in our heads
Drifting on a distant dream
Misty within our mind's eye
Sleep comes softly...*

*not
to
be
disturbed.*

Myron Rogers
(c) 1983

September 1984

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
First Quarter	Labor Day					
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	Full Moon					
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
		Last Quarter				
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	New Moon			Rosh Hashanah		
30						

August					October							
S	M	T	W	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	5	6
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	7	8	9	10	11	12
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	14	15	16	17	18	19
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	21	22	23	24	25	26
26	27	28	29	30	31		28	29	30	31		



October 1984

September						November					
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	F
						1		1	2	3	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	25	26	27	28	29
30							25	26	27	28	29

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1  First Quarter	2	3	4	5	6 Yom Kippur
7	8 Columbus Day	9	10	11	12	13
		 Thanksgiving (Canada)				
14	15	16	17 	18	19	20
21	22	23	24  New Moon	25	26	27
28	29	30	31  First Quarter			

WOMB OF THE WORLD
(known to be called mother)

My mother is my rain of the desert sands
 My mother is my medicine, with her soothing hands
 She's my party dress for the Jr. Prom
 And my protective shield from all harm

She's my flower growing on Springfield Av
 All ways gave me when I didn't have
 My tower of strength to forever lean on
 The fortitude, the grace, to linger when she's gone

She's the tulips that I tip toe through
 And the end of my work, when my day is through
 My soft landing when I fall
 My truth, my light, she's my all.

Through her life, she brought me
 To maintain us, you, and thee
 My mother isn't just a mom you see!
 She's my breath of life and my reason to be.

Zul-Latifa Abdul Sabur Zahir
 (c) 1983



November 1984

October					December						
S	M	T	W	F	S	S	M	T	W	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	24	25
29	30	31					23	24	25	26	27

FAMILY

Blood used to be thicker than water.
But that was a long time ago.

Families used to be close to one another;
Enjoying each other's company

Now you read the newspaper:
Son comes home -- kills mom, dad, sister and
brother too --

Oh! how I wish we were all together again
Reunited and happy as a whole family!

Kim McClain
(c) 1983

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
			Election Day	○ Full Moon		
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
				● Last Quarter		
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
				Thanksgiving		
25	26	27	28	29	30	
				● New Moon		
				○ First Quarter		



November					January				
S	M	T	W	F	S	M	T	W	F
			1	2	3	1	2	3	4
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	6	7	8
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	13	14	15
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	20	21	22
25	26	27	28	29	30		27	28	29

December 1984

WHY ME?

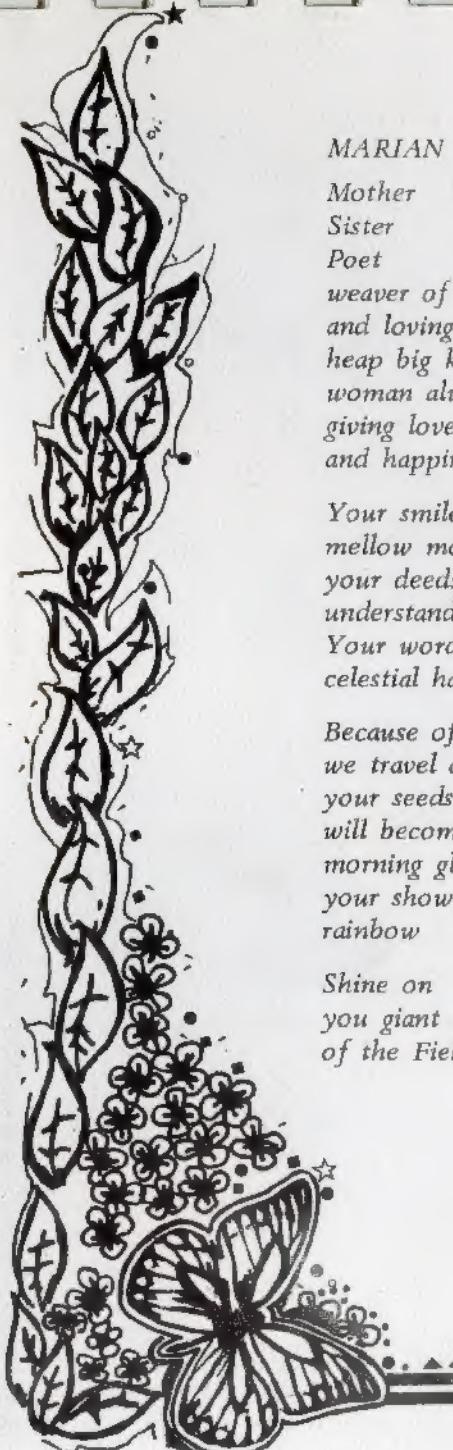
*Loving You Has Been
An Experience I
I'll Never Forget
Your Love
Came Like
A Thief In The Night
Shaking My Very Being
Engulfing Me
Robbing Me Of All Of My Senses
Why Me?
Why Me?
Alas
Loving You Has Unmasked Me
Stripped Me Bare
Made Me Humble
And Now The Calm
The Fear
Of Loving You
Is Over
And Loving You
Has Made Me Strong
I Fear Loving You
And Love No More*

*Anne Gadson Brown
(c) 1983*

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

Chanukah Solstice New Moon

Christmas Boxing Day (Canada)



MARIAN

Mother

Sister

Poet

*weaver of kindred hearts
and loving soul spirits
heap big kind-hearted
woman always
giving love, peace
and happiness*

*Your smile generates
mellow moods and laughter
your deeds foster spiritual
understanding
Your words promote
celestial harmony*

*Because of your bright flame,
we travel a well lit path
your seeds of contentment
will become future
morning glories
your showers of love beckons tomorrow's
rainbow*

*Shine on
you giant Lilly
of the Field!*

James Brown
(c) 1983

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Who was the inspiration behind
this publication, we love you.

Pressley Woods

We couldn't have done the publication
without you.

Rudy Martin

For your time, patience and
expertise

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You're always there in a pinch!

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Cathy McFarland

Clement A. Price

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John Abrams

Anthony Vacca

and the Newark Library staff
for your support.

Mansa K. Mussa

For your mind, body and soul...you
gave your all.

Our many friends for your love and
support in attending our affairs.

We dedicate this publication to Marian O. Crewe
who perserved through her long period of illness.

"Blessed is He That Putteth His Trust in The Lord"

Art, Photography and Layout
Mansa K. Mussa

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